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stands Mr. King or Mr. Coventry as firm as a rock of the Rocky Mountains, as plucky as pluck himself, with a look of condescending pity for the foreigner, and smiling gracefully while he pockets his shilling brokerage per quarter.

But 'Change time has arrived. There we get a fair synopsis of Lloyds, the Stock Exchange, Mincing lane, and Mark lane. We see many faces again that haunt us the whole day. This is Rothschild—Baron Lionel, surrounded by a swarm of Stock Exchange men and bill-brokers; Mr. Bates, of the Barings; Mr. Morris, the former governor of the Bank; Doxat, Frederick Huth; any quantity of Rallis' and Mavrogordatos'. Little Suse again, with his nankeen trousers, looking as blue as ever. Ship-brokers with captains; here and there a ship-owner. This stout, substantial, earnest but jolly-looking man, is Mr. Dunbar, one of the greatest ship-owners. This nervous, shrewd, delicate, Cobden-like looking man is Mr. Lindsay, who, from a common sailor boy, became one of the most eminent ship-owners, and is now a member of Parliament: a man uniting Scotch tact and English pluck. That great, inspiring-looking man is Hambro, the great Copenhagen banquier. That little, bustling Frenchman is Goudchaux, a stock-jobber, a brother of the minister during the Revolution. Sugar, coffee, corn-brokers all make their appearance. The whole day's talk comes generally here to a practical end. Suse has made up his mind about the indigo, and, to the great joy of the broker, strikes the bargain: this puts about \$150 in the broker's pocket; and when he comes home in the evening he treats himself and family to a bottle of Champagne from Very's. So, in the midst of colossal transactions, we are constantly reminded of the extremes of life, and the picturesque extravagances of individualities. The Greeks stand huddled together like herrings. Occasionally an Italian or German merchant looks feverishly at Rothschild's or Bates's face, or Hambro's face, while one of his bills is offered, and he trembles lest it might be rejected. In half an hour emotions are here crowded together, which it would take months to describe adequately. This little, dandy-like man, with a long nose, is a Portuguese Jew and Dutch banker, De Mattos. This funny-looking, lame little man, just of little Suse's size, and now talking with him, is a Greek bill-broker, Rodocanachi. The fish-man is also there, trying to impress upon the shipping clerk of Mr. Terni, of Rome, some of his arguments against Guernsey theology and Guernsey fish. A fine-looking youth near to him, is with Mr. Tomasset—a noble young Roman, an intimate friend of Grist and Mario, and formerly a private secretary of Torlonia; chance brought him to London. This military looking man was in the Hungarian war, came with Kossuth to England, and is now a clerk in a drug-broker's office. This short, sharp-looking man is a German, who has been established in Bombay, Spain, and New York; he has almost travelled over the entire world; but, after an unlucky venture to San Francisco, he returned to London as poor as a church rat, and is now again a clerk, just as he

was thirty years ago, when he began London life: he is a walking encyclopædia of knowledge, and talks about fifteen different languages. There are more such men around you here, but we have no time to notice them all. Stock Exchange men come in and out; but Rothschild has left, and Baring has left, and soon the Greeks are leaving, and the Germans are leaving, and no one remains in the vast arena but little Suse in earnest communion with the little Greek bill-broker, Rodocanachi. But we cannot stop any longer. We have to leave too.

SELECTION IN ART.

BY J. G. B. BROWN.

THE selection of the artist is spontaneous. It is made by the spirit within him, which sees such forms as are significant to it, such as carry its meanings, and live with the life to which it is open. True perception sits above the will, and determines for a healthy man what his eyes shall see. For sight is notice or attention, and recognition from within, not a mere impression on the retina, but on the thought. The contact of living man with living nature does not take place in the eye-ball, but in the soul. Joy draws to itself out of the landscape every ray of sunshine, sorrow, every shade of gloom. The mind is peopled with images, which enter and remain without our bidding. They have invitation and hospitality from the good spirit which dwells within, behind us, and greatly disregards our voluntary preference. Wherever his eyes may open, a man will rightly encounter only forms related to his thought. He has not picked or sifted the stars which hang constellated in his mental heaven. Out of his deep share in creative energy they arose, and their light is as foreign and divine to him as to us, who see them when he shows them. By vital attraction, by elective affinity, a man's eye is open or closed to the forms which surround him, and the same power which offers one object withdraws another from his sense. If he will meddle and disturb this natural order of presentation and removal, instantly he loses integrity, sanity, and the power of Art. He sees no longer from within. His vision becomes mere sensation. The result of all his comparison and contrivance will be a manufacture only.

What a man cannot choose but see, what through his windows enters to a more interior sense and reaches the retina of the soul, that he must regard and show. Everything else he must reject as rubbish and impediment to seeing. He has no license. He must be true to his vision in what he uses, in what he omits. He has liberty, which is obedience to the law of life, obedience to delight. But he has no choice. Accepting his own spontaneous activity, he accepts all it brings with it, all it reveals and makes important in the world. A man has only to yield to the influence which solicits him. It will prove itself pure and impersonal. It will lead always upward, and save him all uncertainty and distraction.

This principle affords the light which our English con-

temporaries are seeking, in angry discussion of the question, what and how much a man ought to put upon his canvas. Let him put there what he loves, and be careful to admit no more. An American artist gave me the rule with confidence—"Make the limit of sight," said he, "the limit of representation." What, then, is the limit of sight? Plainly, feeling; and here again we have a sliding scale. If you go out to see the mountains yonder, you will not see the roses at your feet. But no physical distance separates objects as our interior states can separate them. The eye is, by turns, a telescope and microscope, and the operator sits within, controlling its range, adjusting all the screws and slides. Two men look together on a face. One sees behind it a friend, the other a foe. Love eliminates every line of deformity: anger every line of grace.

The limit of sight is a result of irresistible spiritual laws.

Melancholy will distill sadness from the sunshine, will see the shadows of the wood, but not the blossoms of the wood. There is a geological eye, an agricultural eye, a commercial eye, and they make their several reports. There is also an artistic eye, and he who carries it in his front must be diligent to let it alone, to keep it clear. So far as he is an artist he will not guide it, but be guided by its light.

I saw last summer the sketches of two students among the White Mountains. For the entertainment of one of these children every rock and tree had a jest. He was merry among those awful gorges. He saw all the fun, of which there is plenty, when dapper citizens venture off the pavement in search of a sensation. He drew the old taverns, with creaking windy signs, and puddles before the door, with travellers soaking in them, and slides of gravel mingled with rocks, stumps, umbrellas, and Bostonians. He drew the horse that would not go, and the horse that would not stand. But the god who inhabits that eternity of granite was not revealed to him. His companion saw every gentle and lovely thing: all the light on the stones, all the grace of bending birches and hemlocks, the sparkle of running and the gleam of resting water, the purity of the sky, the freshness of the earth. But the mountains he did not see. Divinities of stream and tree, soft nymphs and dryads haunted all his paths; but the Manitou of the rock, that old builder who piled the ledges and cut the chasms, retired into his solitude before our mild-eyed wonderer, and left him on a sunny slope enchanted with mosses and with grass.

Here were two honest witnesses—true artists, who made a sincere report. Their work is genuine and good; but they have paid their passage-money in vain. Neither stage-coach nor rail-car will ever carry either of those men to Mount Washington. They cannot reach him: he is too high: he will have his own company, and give welcome to his own.

Men are like those animals which see only in certain lights. I have known owl eyes that were blind to sunshine

and purity, but open under lurid and threatening skies; filled by the thunder-cloud with its ragged fire, and empty when the winter-heaven shone clear with its sailing swans of silver grey, and its illimitable, crystalline transparency. From the same scene ten men will bring away ten pictures. For one the morning still sleeps, for another she wakes, before the third she is dancing. With one she laughs, with one she weeps; to each she offers his own. Like flows to like and the spirit of every landscape will answer to the spirit of every beholder.

So again the human form is a book, wherein a man may read such language as he has learned to interpret. A face, like a sky, may be too pure and bright for dull eyes. One man draws out the strength of every companion, and is lighted on his way by valor, which looks on him in every countenance. Another is a magnet for all hidden tenderness and sweetness. These men call forth the quality they see. They make what they are to celebrate, and report what they inspire. From the same figure one painter gathers all the energy; another all the grace. From the same subject one carries away fire, another water, another earth. The trait we understand compels attention; but all marks of a life we have not lived will be visible to others, not to us. So our company is given us not by Fate, but affinity, and like the angels of Swedenborg, a man creates his landscape, and peoples it with doves or serpents, devils or divinities.

But forms are again sifted with reference to their general or particular character. Everything may be regarded as a unit or an aggregate, may be studied in the whole or in the parts. One man sees only a definable number of rocks, where another sees the mountain. One sees the lake, another only a procession of waves; one sees a tree, another a multitude of branches and leaves. The strong man seizes every object by its vital centre; gives the largest truth, and then goes on finishing or adding particulars, till he finds the gain no longer worth the effort. Even feeble observers render first such general facts as they can compass, and then work downward to the details. Who shall determine for any student how far he may descend? He must paint what he sees, and stop when he has added every trait that seems significant and important, that fills his eye, and goes to vary for him the general result. If detail impresses a man he ought to paint detail, because for him it falls within the limit of true seeing. A work is finished when it serves the purpose in which it originated. When once the artist has shown his meaning, he can only go on to obscure it. If the spirit in which you see is not yet satisfied, if it reveals colors and textures, and relations, whose beauty you cannot disregard, go on. When pleasure is exhausted, stop. So far as interest and enjoyment sustain a man he will work with good results; beyond that point he labors mechanically, with no result for Art.

When a man has honestly satisfied himself, his work is completed, and we are able to give him his rank. He is now

justified as a man of truth. Is he a man of great truths or of trifles? The masters are quickly content. Their large meanings are expressed in a few broad facts. They see the transcendancy of these, the insignificance of the rest. Their finish is soon reached, because they work to satisfy thought and emotion, not to please the eye or that part of the mind which lies nearest the eye. He who has power to reveal the centres can afford to neglect his surfaces, and only children will elaborate the texture of the skin in marble. The manhood of man does not lie in his skin.

In details it is painfully impossible to keep step with nature. Her gradations we cannot imitate. Both methods and materials fail us. Our reproduction is only suggestion. We cannot compete with the original artist who furnishes to meet every order of intelligence, to suit the eyes of the fly as well as those of the eagle.

There is always controversy between the men of great and the men of little truths. The flies accuse the eagle of falsehood because of his omissions. Falsehood, indeed, is only partiality, but we may choose between a grand and a base partiality. The eagle says to the report of the fly, "All that is of no account. It is important only to those who have no other but microscopic vision. You do well to value your own eyes and use them."

Perhaps the perfect artist would give all truths in the order of their gradation, but he would need perfect materials, and eternity for a working day. For time as well as love fails. The number of truths increases as their value diminishes. You may paint the whole landscape sooner than imitate a square foot of bark on the nearest tree. Every trifle has its value, and is the centre of a little world, but to do justice to that world we must do injustice to the sun in the sky. Therefore, the masters are strong in the whole, not in the parts, are scornful of particulars, and unwilling to go down into nooks and corners and leave the broad open heaven behind. The law of selection is simple and spontaneous. Let a man be true to his lively perception, to his enjoyment. Let him show what is shown to him, what warms him. Sins of commission are as fatal in Art as those of omission. Details added without delight are false. Objects which interfere with the feeling of the hour and scene must be thrust aside if you will express that feeling. Power is found in the purity with which we can render the total effect of Nature on the mind. There is no license to lie. Shirk nothing. Interpolate nothing. Above all things we must ascertain what we ourselves do thoroughly like. We must put aside every man's theory, practice, and dogma. We must go alone to our work, and forget that any man has made report. No man has reported what you now see. No man has seen it. Your method and your limit must be new, or they cannot be true. In Art there can be no precedent, no authority, save that of the new hour, the new scene, the new delight. We must lie still to receive our own. Compose the spirit as you would guard a surface of water, set to reflect the sun. Let no footstep

jar, no breath ruffle it. When its repose is perfect, copy the image that appears. Obey the most private law, and frankly say what seems worthy to be spoken. He is the worst enemy who will force upon you his preference. Kill him if you cannot wholly resist and despise his precepts. Take this advice only: "Do not be advised."

The works of theorizers, products of choice, will have a definable excellence. But the excellence of a master-piece is indefinable. A good work suggests infinitely more than it represents. It is made for the sake of suggestion, not for representation. The theorizer suggests nothing. He gives so much truth of surface into your hands, but his picture is a prison. That of the inspired, obedient, intuitive student is like the open sky. It is deliverance from all that is before your eyes. It is reference to Nature, and to those qualities of hers which are subtle and flowing, which will not be captured and constrained. The Dusseldorf pictures are pictures. The landscapes of Calame are open doors. They are like the few books which are not bookish; which do not remind you of libraries and spectacles. These are not pieces of the studio, but of the earth, and sky, and sea.

Men lay down laws for the pupil which are not intended to bind the master. They say a system or "ism" may be a good method of study. But no study can be honest or valuable which is not itself a piece of practice. Every work should be a study, and every study a work. No cultivation of mere dexterity is a study in Art. Drawing an object without love, in order to gain the power of making straight lines or curves to a pattern, is a mechanical exercise, like the making of pot-hooks in a copy book.

Then the boy becomes a growing artist, then his education commences, when he is charmed by what he sees, when he follows with a trembling hand the line whose beauty baffles while it allures him, and when he is not permitted to choose the qualities he will celebrate, but is mastered by qualities which have selected him and seized upon his eye and thought.

Men spend years in searching for the secret of Titian. The secret of all masters is one. He who finds it has left instruction behind him. It is devotion to the actual impression of objects upon the mind.

SPRING-FEAST OF ALL SOULS.

From the German of Grün.

AGAIN 'tis Spring in Easter-land,
As, a thousand times it will be and has been:
Monotonously, year out, year in,
Weaves Nature, the maid, with obtuse hand,
Of the self-same stuff, the self-same band;
And all that in her web she weaves,
Of lights and shadows, and twinkling leaves,
And songs of birds beneath green eaves,
And morn and May—what is it but just
A fleeting echo, and breath, and dust?—
But a word floats over the rye—and behold!
The dull, grey grain is a fleece of gold!
A poet's heart speaks the spell to earth,
And all is beauty, and glory, and mirth. C. A. T. B.